Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.
Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not diſmaid.
Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that but that I am affeard.
Qui. Hark ye, Maſter *Slender* would ſpeake a word with you
Anne. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.
O what a world of vilde-ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeare?
Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.
Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father,
Slen. I had a father (Miſtris *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him; pray you Vncle, tel Miſtris *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vncle.
Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.
Slen. I that I doe, as well as I loue any woman in Gloceſterſhire.
Shal He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.
Shal. Hee will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioyncture.
Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woe for himſelfe.
Shal. Marry I thanke you for it, I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) ile leaue you.
Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.
Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

Anne. I meane (M. *Slender*) what would you with
Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little thing with you: your father and vncle hath made if it be my lucke, ſo: if not, happy man be his do can tell you how things goe, better then I can: y your father, heere he comes.
Page. Now Maſter *Slender*; I loue him daughter Why now now? What does Maſter *Fenton* here? You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe. I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.
Fen. Nay Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.
Miſt. Page. Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my
Page. She is no match for you.
Fen. Sir, will you heare me?
Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton*.
Come M. *Shallow*: Come ſonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton*.)
Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Page*.
Fen. Good Miſtris *Page*, for that I loue your dau
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond
Miſt. Page. I meane it not, I ſeeke you a be
band.
Qu. That's my maſter, Maſter Doctor.
Anne. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
Miſt Page. Come, trouble not your ſelfe goo
Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loues you,
And as I finde her, ſo am I affected;
Till then, farewill Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris; farewell *Nan*.
Qu. This is my doing now; Nay, ſaide I, will
away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſitian: